CRANKS AND COUNTERSHAFTS

Said the little old red rooster, "Gosh all hemlocks, things are tough,
Seems worms are getting scarcer; there simply aren't enough,
What's become of all those fat ones; it's a mystery to me,
There were thousands thru that rainy spell; where the devil can they be?"
The old black hen, who heard him, didn't grumble or complain.
She'd gone thru lots of dry spells, she'd lived thru floods of rain,
She flew up on the grindstone and as she gave her claws a whet
Clucked to herself, "He can't kid me, there are lots of worms to get."
She picked a new and undug spot; the earth was hard and firm,
The rooster crowed, "You poor old simp, that's no place for a worm."
The old black hen just spread her feet and scratched most furiously,
"I must get to the worms," she said, "the worms won't come to me."
The rooster wandered 'round all day and loudly did complain,
"The ground's too hard for scratching, won't it ever rain again?"
When nightfall found him supperless, he cried in accents rough,
"I'm hungry as a fowl can be . . . Gosh! Things are surely tough."
He turned then to the old black hen and said, "It's worse with you,
For you're not only hungry, but you're awfully tired too.
I took it easy all day long there were no worms around.
But you're all in, and hungry too, from digging all that ground."
The old black hen hopped to her perch and closed her eyes to sleep,
And cackled low in drowsy tones, "Young man hear this and weep,
I'm full of worms and happy, I have dined both long and well,
The worms are there as always—but I had to dig like hell." —*The Wake.*

A BULL

"Who was the greatest financier mentioned in the Bible?"

"Abraham, I guess."

"No, it was Noah. He floated all of his stock while the rest of the world was in a state of liquidation."

Ephraim: "What do you call it when a gal gits married three times? Bigotry?"

Mose: "Boy, you suttingly am a ignoramus. When a gal gits married two times—dats bigotry. When she tries it three times—dats trigonometry."

Soph: "What is an iceberg?"

Fresh: "Oh, it's sort of a permanent wave."

A private was standing in the company street, outside his tent, shaving.

"Do you always shave outside?" asked the sergeant.

"Of course," answered the private. "What do you think I am—fur lined?"

Artist—"This is my latest picture, 'Builders at Work.' It is very realistic."

Visitor—"But they aren't at work."

Artist—"I know. That's the realism."

—*The Times Recorder.*

The skin on the face of a pretty girl is made up of 13 chemicals. John H. Foulger, well-known chemist, Medical College, University of Cincinnati; says 100 grams of skin contain: Water, 61 grams; albumin and globulin, 0.7; mucoid, 0.16; elastin, 0.34; collagen, 33.2; phosphates, 0.032; fats, 0.761; common salt, 0.45; potassium chloride, 0.04; lime, 0.01; also minute quantities of magnesium oxide, iron oxide, aluminum oxide, and sulfur.

The skin you love so much to touch,
Now savants tell us, isn't much—
Take thirteen chemicals and mix,
And skin jumps from that bag of tricks.

In epidermis of sweet lass,
Potassium and chlorine gas
Unite with common iron rust.
—Our fairy is not even dust.

And when you kiss and say "Yum, Yum"
You osculate magnesium.
Her cuticle has lime and salt—
Now will your fondling ardor halt?

Hell's phosphorus and sulfur, too
Comes into play when lovers woo;
Commingle in the velvet skin
With mucoid and with globulin.

Aluminum in pan and pot
Doth never cast a man a lot:
Much dearer Al_2O_3
In every maiden's cheek you see.

There's KCl and H_2O—
How strange that men admire it so.
The formula you love so well
Has CaO, NaCl.

And since the awful truth is out—
Fair skin's no more than sauerkraut—
Will galant lovers now all beat
From cooing trysts a cold retreat?

Not much! Dame Nature put in skin
A chemical named Collagen!
Its still small voice doth lure all men—
Depend on it, they'll call again!

—*Scientific American.*

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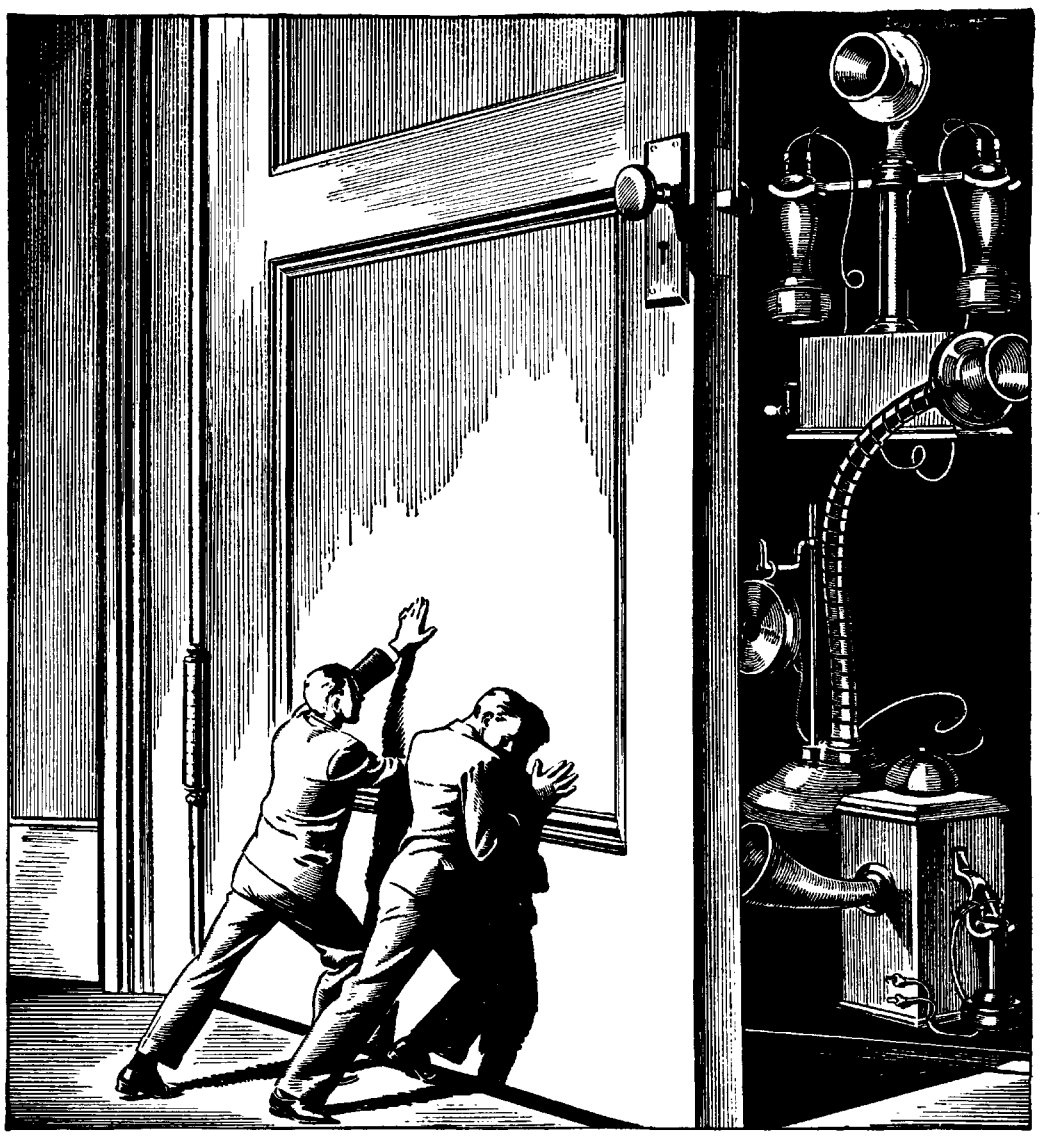
STEPPING INTO A MODERN WORLD



THEY SHUT THE DOOR ON HYBRID STYLES

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Quantity production of equipment has long been practiced by the telephone industry. Telephone designers years ago shut the door on many hybrid styles—seeking first to work out instruments which could best transmit the voice, then making these few types in great quantities.

This *standardization* made possible concentrated study of manufacturing processes, and steady improvement of them. For example, the production of 15,000,000 switchboard lamps a year, all of one type, led to the development of a highly special machine which does in a few minutes what once took an hour.

Manufacturing engineers, with their early start in applying these ideas, have been able to develop methods which in many cases have become industrial models. *The opportunity is there!*